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Reaching for the Stars

Mayan Lesson Number 165

OUR UNEXPLORED FRONTIERS

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

LANDS UNPOSSESSED

PEAKS AND FOOTHILLS

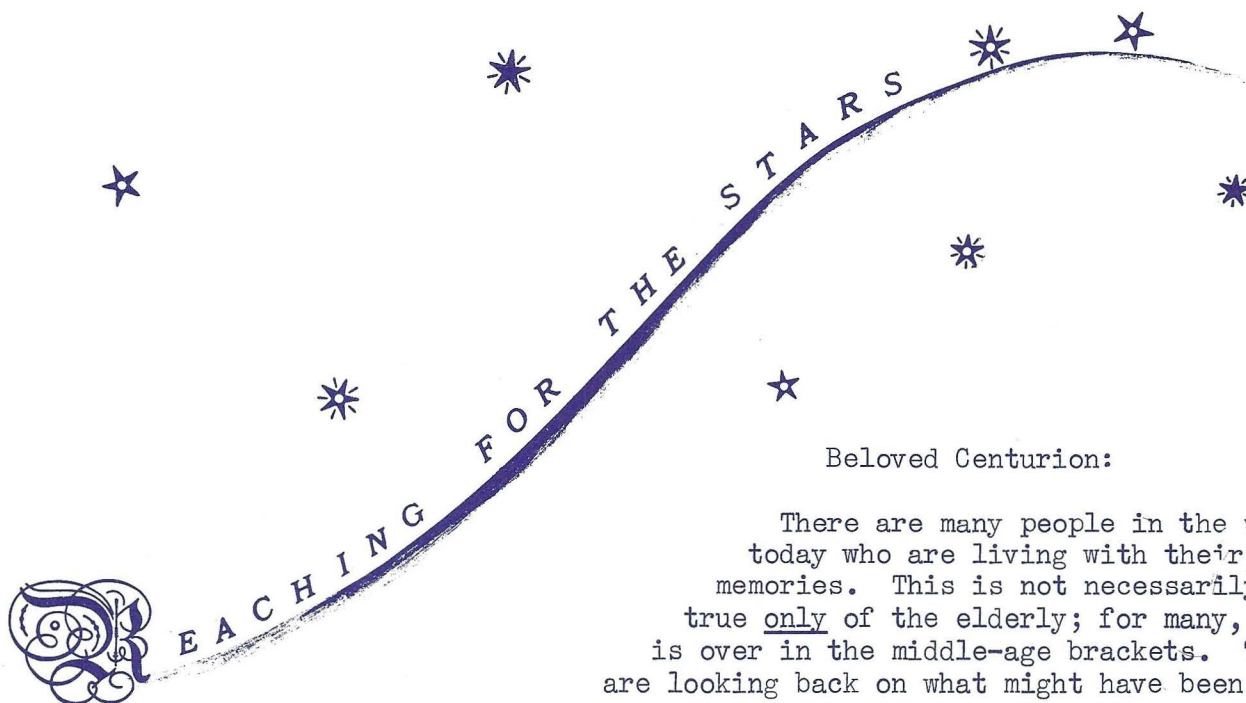
CREATIVE IMAGINATION

STASIS

DYNAMIS

MOTOR

MEDITATION



Beloved Centurion:

There are many people in the world today who are living with their memories. This is not necessarily true only of the elderly; for many, life is over in the middle-age brackets. They are looking back on what might have been.

They are thinking of the opportunities they have missed.

It is too late, of course, for many of these to do anything about it, but many who are living in the past can do something about it. It is not too late for them to accomplish through opportunities which have come their way but which they have failed to grasp. This lesson, which we have called OUR UNEXPLORED FRONTIERS is so very important to you, and it is my supreme hope that everyone of our members will read carefully the words which follow.

As your instructor, I feel sure that, as you ponder over these truths, you will be fired with a new ambition to take advantage of every opportunity; your whole being should be reactivated and you should be fired with a determination to go forward and not go along the line of least resistance.

First of all, your body must be in good condition. You must never allow your thinking to become lazy. We never use all of our brain; we use only part of it, and there is so much more that we can do than we realize. This is a very easy state of being and mind to fall into - the feeling of "What's the use?" and, "It can't be done," - and many of the other excuses we fall back upon. It is this outlook which causes us to become the people that someday will say, "It might have been", as they sit with their unfulfilled dreams, and wish they had done more to take advantage of the opportunities that were given them.

All of us who are interested in those who are members of the Mayan Order are hoping and praying that each member reaches complete fulfillment by following the instructions which we endeavor with such great seriousness to put to work in your life. We are deeply concerned with the welfare of each member. The Mayan Order is a great Order with many members, but we have never lost contact with each individual, nor do we ever want to. No matter how great we become as an organization, we feel we are different from other organizations which are similar to ours, in that we have your personal interests at heart. We read your letters with great

interest, with the thought of how you are progressing. There are some organizations, doing work similar to ours, which do not want you to write letters to them. They discourage correspondence with their members, but we feel that it is important to hear from you and know how you are progressing. We want you to remain alive and alert to your opportunities.


We do not want you to someday sit in a corner and sadly say, "It might have been."

The following prayer should prepare your mind and body for the words that are to follow, and know that your future will be what you yourself make it.

Heavenly Father, forbid that I should be so lacking
in wisdom and understanding as to underestimate
the possibilities of my life,
And of the things and conditions that make up my
personal world.
Help me to see not only what might have been,
but also what yet may be.

Amen.

W H A T M I G H T H A V E B E E N

 HE theme of Whittier's poem, Maud Muller, is tragically stated at the close - "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, it might have been." This includes not only the painful regret of a young girl in hopeless love, but the whole vast tragedy of the unrealized wonder and richness of life.

John Ruskin said he did not wonder at what men suffer, but he wondered often at what they lose. When we look at the great mountain of what-might-have-beens of happiness, worth, welfare, and success, we find it measureless.

How did this mighty, tragic pile of loss ever come to be? For the most part it is the result of people not being mindful of their unexplored frontiers, the unconsidered, unused, uncleared, unoccupied marginal lands of their lives and the world life. This territory is larger than most of us know. Thomas Gray referred to it in his famous elegy:

"Full many a gem of purest rays serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Gray was referring, of course, to the gems of human worth and the flowers of happiness that had never been seen, much less gathered and used. That was the

pity Ruskin had in mind - the good we all lose by never discovering it. It is the great debit of life and of the ages.

How much it amounts to no one knows, but we know the sum and value of it are very great. We know too that countless persons and peoples have lived impoverished lives for lack of the richness and wonder that might as well have been theirs.

There are old people sitting at their windows today watching a new, strange world go by. This evening they will sit in their chimney corners recalling the pageant of past years. Tonight they will lie on their pillows staring into the darkness and trying not to think. The ghosts that haunt them are opportunities they did not seize, situations to which they did not rise, unpossessed good that was one day within their reach. They could conserve something even now, but they can do nothing about the what-might-have-beens.

This is to remind you that your life is not all memories - yet. Think of the situations of those who are farther along and with only empty lives to show for the years. Do not let it happen to you. Plant your fields, reap your harvests, pluck your blossoms, and do these things while you can. Your heart is a storehouse. Add to its treasure now.

Instead of waiting to ponder on what might have been, consider and do something about what yet can be. You stand only on the boundary of your Promised Land. Go in and possess it.

LANDS UNPOSSESSED



WHEN Joshua was advanced in age he was reminded one day by the prompting of the Inner Voice that his life work, which was the conquest of Canaan, was far from complete. As he mused in communion with the Eternal about it these words echoed in his soul, "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." There did indeed, but of what importance would it ever have been had not the tribes heeded Joshua's call, and gone in and possessed it. We are all recipients of the same challenge. There is always very much more land to be possessed.

The settlers who landed at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock thought they had availed themselves of a very rich heritage, but it was only the first outpost they saw. Our founding fathers who, under the first thrill of freedom and victory, organized the original colonies into a federal government, thought they had reached a far goal in history, but it was only a way station. What America is today was beyond their fondest dreams.

When we had occupied all our space, we began occupying a different kind of territory. We then began to push into the frontiers of learning, religion, invention, industry and better human relations. There still remains very much more land to be possessed. Our untouched frontiers are still very great.

This has been and must be made possible partly by our not failing to realize and advance into more of these fields of unrealized possibility. They wait to be occupied and extended, and they are of many kinds.


We are told that no one has ever come anywhere near using all his brain capacity. We use only a fraction of our abilities to solve problems, accomplish important things, and achieve progress. The people who get on the scrolls of fame, and those who do not but deserve to, are the people who use their heads. They break the hold of mental laziness, attack their needs and problems, and start working things out like the capable human beings they really are.

Some people may use all their physical powers, but it is doubtful. All these powers have reserves, like the one the runner draws on to unleash new stores of strength, agility, and fleetness. Probably all our abilities have reserves similar to what we call second wind. There are records of seemingly miraculous things that have been accomplished by some such means, and we do not know what is the maximum of these reserves, or whether there is any limit.

Some reach far out into the areas of skill open to them, and no one knows how much greater yet are the possibilities of those who do. Surely many others could do as well if they would pay the price. It requires time, attention, persistence, and self-sacrifice, but the kingdom of heaven on earth lies somewhere out in these fields of untouched possibility.

These are just a few of your unexplored frontiers. The more you neglect them the more you will some day have to regret. The more of them you occupy the nearer you will come to the kingdom of your dreams.

P E A K S A N D F O O T H I L L S

 MOST of us live and work in the foothills of life, and either never look up to the peaks beyond or else assume that they are too high for us. Others have climbed them, and others will, but we could never do it. We are foothill people. The easier levels are for us.

That was true of the victorious ones too before they ever dared venture a summit. They may have been less capable than we, but they had the courage to try. They had the spirit of adventure. They had nothing to lose. If they failed, they would try again. If they never made it they would still have done something better than not to try.

They were foothill people too, maybe less. Maybe they had to start from the valley below the foothills, but that was no reason they should not try. Having found the climb into the foothills not so forbidding, they saw no reason why they should not try for the summit. Why not? The way is open to all. Nothing would stop them but their own lack of initiative. Life keeps the way open for anyone who will go on ahead, but she never insists. The decision must be his. Whatever the result is, credit or debit, he can only charge it to himself.

There are more people in the foothills than on the summits, and still more in the valleys. You can have more company at the mediocre level, for that is where most people will stay. Only a few ever know the glory of the view from the top, only those who had the courage to make the climb. The company is smaller, but it is very select.

If it is just company you want, stay in the valley, but if you want to walk with the great souls you must climb where they are. There are some in the foothills, but they will not be there long for they are on the way up. You will have to go with them or lose them.

St. Matthew tells of a day when Jesus and three of his disciples left the valley where the multitudes were living on the status quo, knowing no way out of their weakness, sickness, and trouble. They climbed a mountain, and there the three disciples had an experience they had never known or heard of, and one which they certainly could not have had in the valley, for it was not a valley experience. They saw the Master transfigured, with Moses and Elijah, heroes of a long past century, standing beside him. The effect on the three was transforming.

Naturally they wanted to stay there where they had glimpsed for a moment the glory of another world, but the Master had other plans. They returned to the valley with its need, fear, and sorrow, and resumed their way of service and redemption. The first thing they did was to give a disease-ridden boy his health.

You see, a mountain peak is not a place to stay but just to reach. The purpose of reaching it is to gain a larger life and a greater power, so one can carry back to the people in the valley his mountaintop quality of experience and life. People are permitted to climb mountaintops because the valley needs mountaintop people. Do not try to stay up there where it is so cold and lonely. Take the glory you have seen and carry it back to the multitudes. Some of them will find in you the inspiration to begin the climb for themselves.

C R E A T I V E I M A G I N A T I O N



If you are one of the people who refuse to think about anything he doesn't see with his eyes, this is not for you, that is, unless you are willing to search around, find the imagination God gave you, dust it up, put it in repair, and begin using it. Creative imagination is necessary to anyone who proposes to go on. It is a built-in telescope for viewing out the far reaches of the road of life and estimating the possibilities ahead.

With a good imagination trained onward and not back, upward and not down, you can visualize rare patterns of life and hold the pictures while you construct the images. Creative imagination will give you a model of an improved self, work, set of conditions, or any ideal thing you would like to make real. Then if you will keep working on the design some day the real fact will be yours.

Everywhere there are happy people whose enviable lives are simply the things they have desired, envisioned, prayed for, and worked toward. There is no explaining how this takes place beyond saying that the imagination gives some creative power within us something to work on.

It sometimes works even unconsciously. A certain young man of twenty-one conceived a certain wishful ambition, though he did not even have the faith to

think it possible. But through the years that wish, sometimes forgotten, lay imbedded in his subconscious mind. One day at the age of thirty-one, just ten years later, in a distant place a telegram was handed him saying that the situation he had wished for but never mentioned to anyone was his.


In this power you have a priceless instrument to use in possessing the marginal lands of life and climbing to apparently impossible summits. How can you realize a dream unless you have the dream? Even if you have the dream, how can you hope to realize it unless you let your creative imagination picture it clearly to the hidden powers within you? The mariner must respect his chart.

You can work haphazardly and produce a crazy quilt. You can draw a rough plan and produce a rough result. Or you can let the stereopticon of creative imagination throw your dreams on the screen for you. Even this will avail little if that is the end of it. If you treasure your hope it may come your way. If you work at it, it is quite sure to do so.

A Babylonian king had a dream and forgot what it was. The prophet Daniel recalled it and interpreted it. We all do the same, lamenting that the thing is gone from us. The waste heaps of life are piled high with forgotten dreams. Some of them were very lovely before we lost them. Some would have come true if they had been vitalized instead of being allowed to die like withered flowers.

Creative imagination is one of the most amazing powers God has given you. Do not neglect it because you do not understand it. No one understands it. Just put it to work making patterns of good by which to shape your future.

S T A S I S

 LET us think for a moment about the Greek word stasis, meaning standing or stationary. We give attention to it here not so it can be sought for but so it can be avoided together with about everything it stands for. It is the word from which our word static originates, and static refers only to conditions where natural processes are stopped, where no development or growth is taking place, where nothing is going on.

For instance, we apply the word to electric energy that is just accumulated somewhere it isn't needed and can do no good. In fact it isn't doing anything except to give off an occasional spark or little tingling shock. It is being wasted. It isn't harnessed to anything, or passing through any motor channel to turn a wheel or actuate a mechanism. It is just there.

Now and then we meet someone whose viewpoint and purpose can be so well suggested by no other word than the word static. He is not moving either. He is not doing anything. He gives evidence of no purpose or intention. He is just there. He is like a piece of driftwood which the water has cast up and the water may carry away. Between these two possibilities all it will do will be to lie there

Of course, not all waiting is static. There is such a thing as purposeful waiting. One waits for a train, or a boat, or the striking of the hour when


something is to be done. One waits for seed time and harvest, or an anniversary, or the day to perform some duty or take advantage of some opportunity. Intervals of necessary waiting may be as purposeful as action is. Anyone who wants to live an effective life must learn to time his coming and going with the clock and the calendar. The clock will not be hurried, the calendar though slow, is certain, and the mills of God, while grinding slowly, always grind exceeding small. When you put something on to cook, or plant something in the ground, a part of the production process is waiting its time.

That is not what we mean by the word stasis, for that is not a static process. The roast is cooking, and the plant is growing, which is very dynamic. The static situation would be not to put the roast in the oven or to plant the seed in the ground. Stasis is waiting with nothing to wait for, or being there with no purpose in having come. That is one of the most tragic things on earth.

A person who never occupies any of the new frontiers of his life is a very pitiful figure. When someone tells us we "haven't changed a bit", it is probably not true, but if it were, it would be very sad indeed. We were never put here to have anything like that be true. We are here to advance, to improve, to approach the size of the work we have to do in the world.

Like the tree itself a leaf grows all the way around. It is not pushed out from the stem, but built out from the edge. As long as a leaf is a little larger than before around the edge it is alive. But if some day you find no change taking place, it is dead. Do not let that word stasis become a part of your life. It is another word for dead, a living death maybe, but death nevertheless.

D U N A M I S

 ET us now think for awhile of another Greek word meaning just the opposite. It is the word dunamis, meaning strength, power, or force, not inactive but in motion. It is the word from which come the words dynamic, dynamite, and many other words involving the same idea. That is why we speak of a powerful personality as dynamic.

When we call anyone static we mean that he is only a bystander watching the parade go by, a spectator sitting on the sidelines while someone else plays the game, a super in a crowd on a stage while others play the roles.

But when we call anyone dynamic we mean that he is alive in more than the mere sense of existence. It means not only to exist, but to be making the most of existence by utilizing one's time to make intelligent, effective, beneficial use of his powers.

It means to be alive to one's fingertips, to have life flowing in every vein, tingling in every fiber, expressing itself in the functioning of every muscle, renewing itself by its own processes of restoration, and flooding the consciousness with eagerness and zeal.

It means not to be just a consumer of life's values, but to be a producer

of more worth and good than one uses so there will be something for others in short supply.

It means to keep alert and fit by the proper alternation of work and rest, a sensible choice of the kind and quality of food, and sane and normal habits of everyday life in contact with others.

It means the wise and constant nourishment of one's inner being, thus building a character that will stand sure, a mind richly furnished, and a personality that will reflect credit on one as it reveals itself in appearance, effort, expression, speech, and manners.

It means to meet each day with eagerness to live that day not only well, but a little better than any day that has gone before it. It means to take the same pride in one's quality and manner of living that a master workman takes in the products he turns out.


It means to meet the responsibilities and opportunities of life with vigor, courage, and the spirit of adventure. It means to put enough strength and enthusiasm behind the effort to make it succeed.

It means to live content but not satisfied with one's self and quality of living, always cherishing the dream of doing better tomorrow and finally of doing one's best.

It means to live in the consciousness that one need not hesitate to try to do better, for life has no known limits anywhere to stop him. Many have done well, but no one has come to a fixed limit yet.

Such is the message to us of this thrilling, throbbing word for power in action. It means as much for you as for anyone alive.

M O T O R

ET us continue our word study through this section. This time let us consider and appropriate to ourselves the content of the word motor, coming from the Latin verb meaning to move. It takes many forms, like motive, action, motile, and the like; but in this form it really means moving force. In living it is that which makes possibilities real and turns prospects into possessions.

Our powers of imagination conceive things, or our powers of vision actually see them. Then what, if anything, will we do about it? We can spend the rest of our days thinking how wonderful it looked, or we can advance toward it. It then becomes a matter of motion, the use of our motor powers.

Our actual motor tools are our muscles. We have to keep them in good condition and ready for action, of course; but never think that is all there is to it. The drive wheels of a locomotive would never move it if powers deeper within did not impel, or motivate them, and if something else within did not direct them.

Motion alone is a mere waste of energy. Only motion with a purpose is of any value, and the purpose must be an intelligent one. Mere motion may be backward as well as forward, retrograde as well as progressive. Like an engine running wild, it may wreck us instead of accomplishing a constructive purpose.

Muscles in action are impelled or activated by impulses sent over the motor nerves by cells in the motor area of the brain. These impulses are orders sent out to the muscles to tell them what to do. Motion then, whether wise or foolish, is brain impelled. The motor is in the brain, and the finest set of such muscles would lie idle without its activity, and their efforts would go wild unless guided by reason and conscience.

But there is something that affects even the orders sent out by the motor area brain cells, sometimes starting, sometimes stopping, sometimes intensifying or reducing them. Often the motor brain cells are simply a clearing house for it. It too has a name based on the word motor. We call it motive.

This is the power that tells the motor cells what is to be done. Motive is not a physical thing at all. It proceeds from the thought area of the brain, and involves such elements as desire, interest, purpose, and will. It may be known or it may be secret and indirect, but its controls are effective.

There is still another force the name of which indicates power in motion, and which determines much of our action, sometimes cancelling it temporarily, - and for supposed emergency purposes, the orders of the reasoning area or motives. It really is the effect on the brain of selected chemicals secreted and thrown into the bloodstream by the endocrine or ductless glands, producing such protective emotions as fear and anger, and such destructive ones as worry and brooding. It generates movement quickly and positively, though sometimes wrongly.

This in brief is a sketch of the mechanism you use all the time in carrying out your plans and purposes, in realizing the possibilities you see or imagine. How much or how well you use it is vital, and for you to determine.

M E D I T A T I O N

I consecrate the motive powers I possess to the accomplishment of what is wise, just, and beneficent, in the doing of the divine will for me.

YOUR CLASS INSTRUCTOR.